

POEMS IN PINK





JOHN A. SEAVERNS



3 9090 014 560 193

B. W.

from

Δ

Sept 29th 1894

POEMS IN PINK

BY

W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS

*MASTER AND HUNTSMAN OF THE NETTON
HARRIERS*



SALISBURY :

BROWN AND CO.

LONDON : SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO.

—
1894.

2
334
56
74

SALISBURY :
BENNETT BROTHERS, PRINTERS,
JOURNAL OFFICE.

The Author reserves all rights of translation and reproduction

Dedication.

TO

JOHN WILLIAMS, ESQ.

OF SCORRIER HOUSE, CORNWALL,

WHOSE FAMILY FOR THREE SUCCESSIVE GENERATIONS

HAVE HELD

THE MASTERSHIP OF THE

FOUR BURROW FOXHOUNDS

A GOOD HUNTSMAN

A HARD RIDER OVER A HARD COUNTRY

IN THE WILD WEST

THIS BOOK

IS DEDICATED BY

His Cousin

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE.

OWING to the kindness of *Baily's Magazine*, *The Sportsman*, *Land and Water*, and *The County Gentleman*, I have been able to reproduce such of these poems as have already been in print before. "The Flea-bitten Grey," "The Squire," and "The Sporting Parson" appeared in *Baily's*; "Dairymaid," "A Day in the Vale," "Twelve Miles in the Open," "The Pace was Too Good to Inquire," and "Riding and Reason," in *Land and Water*; "There's Life in the Old Horse Yet," "Foreman," "A Deal with an Irish Horse Dealer, &c.," and "The Grave in the Vale," in *The County Gentleman*; "Lord Lonsdale's Drive," "The Senator's Race," and "A Plea for the Royal Buckhounds," in *The Sportsman*; the rest, eleven in number, have never been in print before.

If the reader should perchance find anything worthy of merit in this book I would request him to give credit where it is due, namely, to Horse and Hound. When I go into the kennel in the morning I find more poetry in Nancy's beautiful face than in a whole library, and when I am riding alone over these wild downs I find the chestnut mare's saddle flap such a wonderful writing desk that I really feel as if I was "writing at a gallop." One by one the lines

come as I stand by her side and look at her clear brown eye and shapely form. Surely these creatures are sent to lead us in all that is noble and good, surely the chase is given us for a high and noble purpose ; does it not bring all our best qualities to the front—bravery, harmony, love and good fellowship—its very existence rests on these. Pride and exclusiveness are cast to the winds, the chase knows no place for them ; no, the littlenesses of life are forgotten the moment hounds begin to run, and every man breathes freely in the broad atmosphere of the hunting field. For my part when the narrow walls that divide us are cast down, and I am sailing away over the open in the wake of the chiming pack, I feel a freer and a better man.

LLANGARRAN,
SALISBURY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE FLEA-BITTEN GREY - - - - - - -	I
THE SQUIRE - - - - - - -	5
THE SPORTING PARSON - - - - - - -	8
DAIRYMAID - - - - - - -	11
A DAY IN THE VALE - - - - - - -	13
TWELVE MILES IN THE OPEN - - - - - - -	16
THE PACE WAS TOO GOOD TO INQUIRE - - - - - - -	19
RIDING AND REASON - - - - - - -	21
THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD HORSE YET - - - - - - -	24
FOREMAN - - - - - - -	27
A DEAL WITH AN IRISH HORSE DEALER AT A WILTSHIRE FAIR - - - - - - -	30
THE GRAVE IN THE VALE - - - - - - -	33
LORD LONSDALE'S DRIVE - - - - - - -	35
THE SENATORS' RACE - - - - - - -	37
A PLEA FOR THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS - - - - - - -	39
THE MUSIC OF THE WHEEL - - - - - - -	42
THE BONNY GREY MARE - - - - - - -	49
HARK FORRARD, HARK FORRARD AWAY - - - - - - -	52
THE FIREMAN - - - - - - -	54
SALISBURY CATHEDRAL - - - - - - -	57
THE COUNTRY BANKER - - - - - - -	60
A BLIGHTED LIFE - - - - - - -	63
THE VOICES IN THE VALE - - - - - - -	65
THE PICCADILLY SPORTSMAN - - - - - - -	68
SESS! SESS! OR A SPRING MORNING IN THE KENNELS WITH THE NETTON HARRIERS - - - - - - -	72
GOOD-BYE TO THE CHASE: OR THE SONG OF THE DYING HUNTSMAN - - - - - - -	75
APPENDIX - - - - - - -	78

THE FLEA-BITTEN GREY.

The pick of the stable, good, honest, and sound ;
How eager he was at the note of a hound !
But verses can never describe or convey
The value I placed on the flea-bitten grey.

I bought him at Lincoln, right out of the drove ;
The coper who sold him—a rum looking cove—
Took his oath he was everything man could require,
And swore he could jump every gate in the shire.

I doubted his word, it is needless to say,
And gave thirty sovs. for the flea-bitten grey ;
His coat was so rough that it seemed to be plain
The horse was brought up in perpetual rain.

His bones could be counted, each one in its place,
And everyone said he was quite a disgrace.,
The clever ones all, who had mustered in force,
Said, “Why did you buy such a beast of a horse?”

We fed him with judgment and gave him his corn,
And taught him to gallop each day with the morn ;
And quickly he grew, as his skin became full,
With a head like a snake and a back like a bull.

As he mended his outlines I, next, did incline
 To try him with hounds, to see what was his line.
 We met at the village ; we found in the vale ;
 The bruisers came thickly by road and by rail.

How quickly they found and went streaming away,
 The first day I rode him, the flea-bitten grey !
 He went like a hunter ; I fancied his stride,
 So I sent him along and went on with the tide.

And soon I discovered he knew how to go ;
 He knew all about it, the quick and the slow.
 Through the gap in the covert he crept like a snail,
 And galloped as fast as you liked at the rail.

There were five of us up when we checked in the road ;
 The pace was a "buster," as most of them showed.
 The grey was as cool and as fresh as could be ;
 He was going at ease, and was galloping free.

I knew I had one who could gallop and stay,
 The first time I hunted the flea-bitten grey ;
 Then five of us quickly went down to the brook—
 We none of us had any time for a look.

Four horses were seen in a terrible plight ;
 Four riders were all more or less in a fright.
 One shouted aloud, " It is useless to try ;
 No horse in the world can do this at a fly."

Then down in his turn without further delay
 Came the one who was riding the flea-bitten grey ;
 The brook it was deep, and the brook it was wide,
 The flea-bitten took the whole thing in his stride.

The brook it was wide, and the brook it was deep,
 The banks were all rotten and ever so steep ;
 When the country was worst, he was happy and gay—
 This marvellous hunter, the flea-bitten grey.

Through the best of the vale, quite alone with the hounds,
 Still fleeting along with those silvery sounds ;
 What rapture such moments disclose to the mind !
 What words can describe all the feelings combined !

All those who have taken their part in the fun
 Say the essence of life is a foxhunting run ;
 And still for an hour we hunted and ran,
 And still had it all to ourselves in the van.

Till they marked him to ground, every hound in his place !
 'Twas honours divided all round in the race !
 Two hours and a bit from the time that we found,
 As fast as you liked, till we ran him to ground.

For twenty good minutes I waited alone
 Till the master came up, looking frightfully done ;
 And a squad of hard riders (one minus his hat),
 With the marks of the soil upon which they had sat.

An offer I had from the man on the bay—
 “ Four hundred I’ll give for the flea-bitten grey.
 Four hundred and gladly—four hundred in gold.”
 “ No, thank you,” I said, “ he shall never be sold.”

The banker, a Crœsus who hunted from town,
 Rode quietly up on his blood-looking brown,
 Said, “ A cheque you shall have, and shall fill as you will.”
 But I would not be tempted, and stuck to him still.

The strangers, who only came down for the day,
 Said, “ Who is the chap on the flea-bitten grey ? ”
 Twelve seasons he carried me well in the van ;
 They swear by him still, all the hunt, to a man.

And, after, I left him to finish his days
 In the orchard at home ; where I turned him to graze.
 I buried him later ; and planted a gorse
 Right over the grave of the gallant old horse.

Hard by there’s a snug and a beautiful earth,
 Where you see the cubs playing each year at their birth.
 And oft in the autumn, when hunting comes round,
 The wave of the gorse lets you know they have found.

When the music that always falls sweet on the ear,
 Comes to drive away sorrow, and drive away fear ;
 As I listen and hear it—the glad “ Gone-away ”—
 I think of him always, my flea-bitten grey.

“THE SQUIRE.”

The boldest of riders, though gentle in bearing !
 The pride of the country ! the life of the chase !
 With manner refined and a way so endearing—
 She captured all hearts with her beautiful face.

Possessed of broad acres, herself represented
 The best of good names in our foxhunting shire.
 We knew her from childhood—so calm and contented ;
 We knew her ; and gave her the name of “the Squire.”

Methinks I can see them—the mare she was riding !
 As bold as a lion, as meek as a dove !
 The hunter so tame in the hand that was guiding
 Its movements with kindness, its mettle with love.

Methinks I can hear it—that wonderful holloa ;
 Which rang through the woodland and rose to the sky.
 The cry of the hounds we attempted to follow ;
 The stir of the moment ; the order to fly.

The first of the fences, a Dorsetshire double !
 “The Squire” was away, like a bird on the wing.
 In and out went the mare, without effort or trouble ;
 And settled to work with a stride and a swing.

“Forrard on !” where the fences are deepest and strongest,
 Through the best of the vale they were leading the van.
 The run of the season ! the fastest ! the longest !
 The sweets of the chase are a heaven to man !

But stay ! I can see, though the years be declining,
 This picture before me quite plainly to-day !
 A breathless and motionless figure reclining,
 The hounds in the distance still speeding away.

A gap in the hedgerow but recently mended
 With treacherous wire, the curse of the age,
 What way would you have it ? was murder intended ?
 What else can you call it ?—I speak to the sage.

So crushed with the fall that her life had departed ;
 Ere those who were near her had time to dismount.
 The sturdy old huntsman was quite broken-hearted ;
 As he helped with the few who were easy to count.

How beautiful, still, in the glow of the morning,
 She looked, as we laid her asleep on the plain !
 The leaves of the autumn fell round her, adorning
 Her face, as they whispered sweet words to the slain.

And slowly they bore her—that solemn procession—
 Laid out on a hurdle, with reverent care !
 The steed followed after, as though in possession—
 It needed no bridle to steady the mare.

When autumn returns with its balmy November,
The cry of the hounds and the heat of the chase ;
I pause as I pass by the spot, and remember
The solemn procession, the beautiful face.

And down in the vale, where the elm trees are shading
The fairest of spots in the whole of the shire ;
The gold of the autumn is silently fading,
And yellow leaves fall on the grave of " the Squire."

THE SPORTING PARSON.

The pick of the county ! the pride of the Hunt !
 The man who is always the first in the front !
 A gentleman always—a gentleman born ;
 A nailer to follow the hound and the horn !

A clergyman, too ; and the best of his kind,
 Not easy to match, and not easy to find.
 The money he has, he in charity spends :
 The poor are his comrades, the needy his friends.

Some say that a woman has marked with despair
 The face that is always so manly and fair.
 But still, as he's leading the best of the van,
 He rides like a sportsman, and stays like a man.

His eye on the pack that so few can discern,
 The embers of memory silently burn.
 How well I remember that notable day
 He cut out the work on the thoroughbred bay !

How Rakish was hunting and speaking alone,
 Till Rosie chimed in with her silvery tone !
 How keenly the beauties all flew to the cry,
 And flung themselves forward—the scent was breast-high.

The way that the sisters were running for blood,
 Like the wide-spreading course of a river in flood !
 The head that they carried ! It seemed to suggest
 That Reynard's small body would soon be at rest.

The first of the fences, a stiff post and rail—
 Where the thoroughbred showed us the shape of his tail—
 Gave the Parson the start he was eager to take,
 And left us all galloping hard in his wake.

Then four of us had it, and each in his turn,
 As he rolled on the grass, found it easy to learn
 That the man who can beat him has yet to be born—
 This nailer to follow the hound and the horn.

On, onward we went to the earths in our flight,
 Which the Parson knew well had been stopped overnight.
 For forty bright minutes they sent him along,
 Till they checked by the earths ; but the scent it was strong.

And Welcome (the hound that his Reverence walked)
 Came and hit off the line—she was not to be balked.
 Down wind was the cast, for no more at his ease
 Could Reynard stand up with his face to the breeze.

Down wind of the covert his Reverence rode,
 And spied Reynard leaving his ancient abode ;
 And then came the field and the huntsmen in turn,
 All muddy and ruffled, and eager to learn

Which way to go next ; but the wave of an arm
 Showed the Parson had seen him just under the farm,
 And dragging his brush through a gap that was rent,
 His tongue hanging out and his energy spent,

The little red rover went crawling along.

“Who-whoop !”—as they killed him—“who-whoop !” was
 the song.

The brush was reserved for the Rectory wall,
 Where it hangs by the whips that adorn the front hall.

The Sporting Divine pray allow us to keep,
 Good Bishops, who wish to do well for your sheep.
 We like his example, and wish to respect
 The calling that always will make him select.

So here's to our own, let us fill up the bowl.
 Long, long may he lead us in body and soul.
 Still well to the front on a fine hunting morn,
 This nailer to follow the hound and the horn.

DAIRYMAID.

Steady, boys, steady, the bushes are shaking,
 There, where the covert is sturdy and strong ;
 Hark to the music the beauties are making,
 Hark to the echo that answers their song.

Steady, boys, steady, see Reynard so limber ;
 Gentlemen ! gentlemen ! let him go by !
 Lightly he jumps through the bars of the timber,
 Stealing away from the musical cry.

Dairymaid has it ; on, on she is leading,
 Well through the woodland and on to the plain ;
 Quickly she shows you the worth of her breeding,
 Dairymaid opens again and again.

Shapely in form, with a fashion so charming,
 Graceful in turning and quick in her stride,
 Making the pace that becomes so alarming,
 Lashing along with the pack at her side.

Standing alone as the pick of the basket,
 Dark in her colour, and shaded with tan ;
 Yet we can see in this gem of the casket
 The shape of the pack and the type of the clan.

Cold is the plough, looking most uninviting,
 Heartless the country to huntsman and hound ;
 Facing the gale against which we are fighting,
 Dairymaid leads o'er the coldest of ground.

See how they cast when they check by the spinney,
 Over the valley they spread like a fan.
 Dairymaid has it down wind for a guinea.
 Slowly she hunts from her place in the van.

Now, like a beagle, so carefully turning,
 Feathering away at her work with a will ;
 Game to the last, she is eagerly learning
 The line of her fox on the side of the hill.

Short in his turnings the good fox is failing.
 Dairymaid shows us each move in the game.
 "Yonder he goes crawling under the paling."
 Dairymaid's teeth are the first in his frame.

Stiff as a crutch, how they tear him and eat him.
 Many's the time he got fairly away.
 Thanks to the hound who so brilliantly beat him,
 Reynard is ours at the end of to-day.

Later at night, as the moon in her glory,
 Falls on the meadows with silvery beams,
 Some hound, at least, is repeating the story,
 And Dairymaid hunts the good fox in her dreams.

A DAY IN THE VALE.

A word to the sluggard who lies in his bed
 When hounds are going out in the morn ;
 Let him look overnight to the state of his head,
 And shorten his liquor each time he is fed,
 If he'd follow the hound and the horn.

To you I appeal who love hunting at heart,
 And value the sweets of the chase ;
 I take it that you, as you render your part,
 Whate'er be your course on life's wonderful chart,
 Have "merit" proclaimed in your face.

Come down with me now to the Dorsetshire vale,
 Leave sorrow and trouble behind ;
 The woman you worship is heartless and pale,
 You leave her behind as you gallantly sail
 Close up to the hounds from the find.

The note of a hound, ever sweet to the ear,
 Will leave you no feeling of pain ;
 It drives away sorrow and drives away fear—
 Just hark at them now as they fly to the cheer
 With a crash on the velvety plain !

These Dorsetshire doubles are hairy and wide ;
 Go steady, and give your horse time ;
 And after you land, let him out in his stride,
 And gallop away with the galloping tide
 That follows the musical chime.

The farmer in front on the bonny grey mare
 Is sailing along in the van.
 He tackles his fences with plenty to spare,
 And trusts to the mettle that comes from Kildare,
 This sportsman who rides like a man.

And yonder a group by a horse in distress,
 The rider looks down in dismay ;
 You see that assistance is near, and confess
 You're glad they can spare you, and inwardly bless
 The hunter that bears you to-day.

A deep muddy lane, where we land with a splash ;
 The hounds are perplexed by a hare ;
 And Comedy turns at the point of the lash,
 When off the right line she is tempted to flash :
 "Baik, Comedy, baik, have a care."

See Harmony hunting and feeling her way,
 She feathers in doubt on the track ;
 Each ear is intent as they join in the fray,
 When Harmony finds she has something to say
 They trust her, each hound in the pack.

So forrard ! again, till they mark him to ground
In the heart of the cream of the shire ;
A stranger has watched from the moment we found
The bonny grey mare flying on to the sound
Of the music that fills her with fire.

A high price is paid for that winsome mare,
The farmer seems pleased with the day,
And on his way home he is heard to declare
He'll buy a new dress for his missus to wear,
And take her to town to the play.

And now, brother sportsman, go home to your rest
And dream of the chase till the morn ;
Ride on in your sleep o'er the fields of the West,
The vale that puts rider and horse to the test,
And follow the hound and the horn.

TWELVE MILES IN THE OPEN.

“Hold hard, it’s a vixen !” Oh, grief and disaster !
 The dog has gone out at the end of the ride,
 The whipper-in’s rate and the horn of the Master
 Restrain for awhile the impetuous tide.

“Hold hard for a moment !” the hounds are collecting,
 Old Benedict speaks ; how they fly to his cry !
 The thoughts of the chase all our senses infecting,
 We wait in the hopes of a sweet by-and-bye.

Right over the hill in the light of the morning,
 Right out in the open, as game as can be,
 The dog-fox is off, and he gives us fair warning,
 “Come follow me on, I am game for a spree.”

And soon on the side of the wind we are running,
 For the part of the forest, the home of his birth,
 Where Reynard was bred with his marvellous cunning,
 With more of his sort in a snug little earth.

We see the dark woodland away in the distance,
 The dull purple line in the southerly sky ;
 All praise to the saints for a sporting existence,
 All praise to the science, and never say die.

Twelve miles to the forest, how quick we are sailing,
 Twelve miles in the open as fast as you can ;
 The multitude flags, and the bad ones are failing,
 While six have it all to themselves in the van.

A yokel has seen him, and shouts information ;
 No need for a halloa, no time for a cheer ;
 If you turn from one fence it soon means degradation,
 You're hopelessly out and you're far in the rear.

Come along ! have a shy where the oak rail is lying
 Beneath the dark bramble ; come, give us a lead ;
 The deep ditch beyond will necessitate flying,
 Let him go, if you like, at the best of his speed.

Forrard on, we are over ; the forward division
 Are sailing along in the wake of the hounds ;
 The bruiser in front has both nerve and decision
 His soul is revived by those musical sounds.

Enough is a feast. Are we running for ever ?
 We ask ourselves all in this wonderful race.
 The horsemen are game and the horses are clever,
 But the fox is a regular glutton for pace.

The shades of the forest begin to surround us,
 The main earth is open : he'll gain it or die,
 The cry of the hounds who are hunting around us
 Infer that their quarry is very close by.

“There he goes ! Oh, how nearly did Chorister nail him !”

One twist, and he reaches the home of his birth,
So deep that no danger can ever assail him ;

“Whoo-whoop !” as they scramble and mark him to earth.

And long may he live to repeat the good story

He told us to-day in this wonderful run ;

We'll drink to his honour and sing to his glory,

With all the good fellows who shared in the fun.

THE PACE WAS TOO GOOD TO INQUIRE.

How quickly we found ! I can see him to day,
 The fox that was bred by the squire.
 "Oh ! who is the stranger who viewed him away ?"
 They asked, as he handled his blood-looking bay.
 "The pace was too good to inquire."

He seemed, as I fancied, to rise to the sky
 At the gate by the side of the wire.
 I asked if he thought it exceptionally high,
 Though he turned in his saddle, there came in reply,
 "The pace was too good to inquire."

He pounded us all ; though we rode with a will
 Our bruisers were forced to retire ;
 Away for the brook, and away for the hill,
 Where, where, was the crowd that we met by the mill ?
 "The pace was too good to inquire."

The parson's new hat floated down on the stream,
 The brim was all covered with mire ;
 His riderless horse was all lather and steam.
 No question was asked at the time—it would seem
 "The pace was too good to inquire."

The sportsman from town, with his marvellous horse,
Who told us last night by the fire,
He'd show us the way as a matter of course.
O ! why were his words never put into force ?
“The pace was too good to inquire.”

“Who-whoop” at the finish, each hound in his place,
What more could a sportsman require?
The huntsman replied, with a smile on his face,
When asked for the time of this wonderful race,
“The pace was too good to inquire.”

The pluck that has made us is with us to-day,
The spirit that fills us with fire,
In facing the foe let all Englishmen say
When signals of danger are placed in the way,
“The pace is too good to inquire.”

RIDING AND REASON.

Oh, give me the man who makes use of his brain
 In handling the bridle and feeling the rein —
 The man who commands with intelligent force
 The manners and ways of his comrade the horse.

In riding, I take it, the horseman will find
 The root of the science is found in the mind ;
 Two wills are at work, but the two you can feel
 Unite in the touch of the hand and the heel.

And he who succeeds is the one who can blend
 The two into one as the means to one end ;
 Two sportsmen I witnessed, the one on a brown
 Who sat on his pommel and rode like a clown ;

Who tugged at his horse and held on to his head
 With hands like a vice, as if loaded with lead.
 I saw at one glance that he was not the kind
 To blend with the horse both in body and mind.

The other was riding a blood-looking grey.
 How happy they looked as we viewed Reynard away.
 The horse was full quick, but the man was the master,
 And steadied the stride that got faster and faster.

How quickly the hunter came back to his hand,
 And cleared the big fence that divided the land.
 Still plainly I see him, this rider so fair,
 Who sat like a statue carved out in a chair.

I said to myself, it is hard to believe,
 But yet as I look I can plainly perceive,
 In the dash of the horse that is leading the van,
 The workings that come from the mind of the man.

At the end of the run I believed I could trace
 A thoughtful intelligence marked in his face,
 And after the rider I looked at the steed
 So full of good mettle, so true to his breed.

The blood of Strathconan could plainly be seen
 In the face of the hunter, so snakey and clean.
 I said as I saw him, so noble and brave,
 A creature so grand is not meant for a slave.

A nature so noble, so generous, and kind,
 Can only be meant for a man with a mind ;
 A nature like this is intended to blend
 With minds that are high, and be counted a friend.

The clown may succeed, but most men will declare
 The hunter has need of intelligent care ;
 In stable and field oftentimes he will suffer
 When left to the care of a clown or a duffer.

To all who profess a regard for the horse,
Let reason preside over physical force ;
And if you'd succeed have as near as you're able
A capable brain at the head of your stable.

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD HORSE YET.

There's life in him yet, see them slowly advancing,
 The shapely old hunter is leading the team
 Along through the vale where the sunlight is dancing,
 Along by the brook with the silvery gleam.

What loins, what a back, and what quarters behind him !
 How short in the cannon, how low in the knee ;
 From his tapering head to his heel you will find him
 A hunter all over as neat as can be.

There's life in him yet, so the carter is musing,
 He looks at the old horse with pride in his face ;
 " He'll last me awhile with good food and good using,
 He's honest and good at his work in the trace."

But hark ! there is music that fills you with feeling,
 The horn and the halloa are heard by the mill ;
 Look, yonder he goes, see him stealthily stealing,
 The bonny brown fox has gone over the hill.

Yon notes of the pack, like the mingling of waters,
 In musical cadence come over the lea ;
 The white hound is leading, her sons and her daughters
 All crash through the gap that is under the tree.

The old horse has seen them, he hears the dull thunder
 The strokes of the horses' hoofs make as they go ;
 One plunge in the air, and he snaps them asunder,
 The traces that bind him to labour so low.

Away—see the strength of his youth is returning,
 The embers yet latent are kindled to flame ;
 The light of his life is now brilliantly burning
 As once more he adds to his record of fame.

On, on, through the cattle he goes with a rattle,
 The ends of his chains make a musical song ;
 He warms to his work like a charger in battle,
 Well up in the van see him sailing along.

The pack, how he watches them working so keenly,
 He waits at the check and flies on to the cry,
 He jumps the high gate in the meadow serenely,
 And skims o'er the vale like a bird in the sky.

And yonder the river goes gliding and gleaming,
 Look ; Levity stands on the opposite bank ;
 From her beautiful form mark the bright water streaming,
 She shakes all the silvery drops from her flank.

Away ! time is precious, the moments are fleeting,
 Two men and three horses are seen in the stream,
 And one of them only his task is completing,
 The old horse is left with the hounds, it would seem.

Alone through the vale where the good pack are flying,
The air is alive with those musical sounds.
“Who-whoop !” they have got him,’ “Who-whoop !” they
are crying,
A farmer on foot takes the fox from the hounds.

Oh ! well you may fasten the brush to his bridle,
The gallant old horse is a hero to day ;
Oh ! well you may pat him and make him your idol,
As proudly he watches the hounds as they bay.

Look back, gallant steed, on a lifetime of glory,
Along the long vista of deeds in the past ;
Look back, and recall it, the often told story
Of one in the hunt who was game to the last.

Look back as you sleep, with the moon on your stable,
Its light will add lustre and peace to your dream,
And when at your work, ever willing and able,
The thoughts of the past will bring life to the team.

FOREMAN.

We met in the hills, I remember it well,
 The first day I handled the horn ;
 On Foreman's good work I will faithfully dwell,
 Of Foreman's good work 'tis a pleasure to tell,
 A better hound never was born.

Hark back, gentle reader, and watch the good hound ;
 I see him at work as I write,
 The echo returns of each musical sound,
 And the swing of his go as he skims o'er the ground,
 His colour of lemon and white.

" Yut, try ! " they are wild, each is game for a kill,
 The flesh is beginning to tell,
 So full of good fettle they spread with a will,
 While some of them think there's a hare on the hill,
 Look, yonder she crosses the dell.

But Gladstone's false game he himself doth disclose,
 He lies like a good one to-day ;
 He tries to persuade us, but everyone knows
 His speech is deceiving, so nobody goes
 Where Gladstone is feeling his way.

Look ; Foreman is feathering away on the line,
 He opens ! The others are by,
 He seems to be tied with invisible twine,
 So close does he hunt as he sinks the incline,
 “ Go hark ” how they fly to his cry.

They turn at the gallop and swing to the right,
 Where Lovely is racing at speed,
 And Foreman's bright colours of lemon and white
 Are always in front and make everything bright,
 While Foolish tries hard for the lead.

Go steady, they check where the fallow is dry.
 Is Villager speaking to wing?
 Turn Forester back, such a juvenile cry
 Is not to be trusted, he'll do by-and-by,
 He has such a stride and a swing.

But Foreman is forward and anxious to learn
 The line of his hare as she ran ;
 He feathers and works from his head to his stern,
 So eager to try and so handy to turn
 “ Yoi o-it, to him, Foreman, old man ! ”

By the side of the drove, see him streaming away,
 The others all fly to him still,
 Away through the roots, he is happy and gay,
 Away—he is good through the whole of the day,
 To the last does he work with a will.

And journeying homewards I look in his face,
 So wistful and winning and wise,
 A language unwritten I feel I can trace,
 A language of love and a language of grace,
 Deep down in the depths of his eyes.

A language expressing in melodies clear
 The things that are best in mankind,
 Where bravery leads, while it bids you good cheer,
 And harmony kindles the front and the rear,
 And friendship is strongly defined.

For so do we know it, the Chase, and we hold
 Men better for hunting ; the creed
 Of love and good fellowship lives as of old,
 And binds every class into one sacred mould,
 Long, long, may it live and succeed.

And dreaming at night of the hound and the horn
 I think how they drive away care,
 How the roll of the gallop when heard in the morn
 Brings life to the heart that is wrecked and forlorn,
 Brings life while it crushes despair.

How when life becomes bitter and love becomes cold.
 Hope comes to the blighted career ;
 But hark ! there is music, no need to be told,
 'Tis Foreman's clear note sounds away on the wold,
 And the hounds flying on to the cheer.

A DEAL WITH AN IRISH HORSE DEALER AT A WILTSHIRE FAIR.

He was bred near Dublin city,
 Av he can't go it's a pity ;
 And he walks just like a lady with her sweetheart at a ball ;
 See him now so lightly treading,
 Like a flea upon your bedding,
 Ah ! he'll bear yer honour's scarlet through a run without a
 fall.

Only four ? Yer honour's joking.
 Och ! now don't ye be provoking ;
 Did ye say I drew the sucking teeth to make the others
 grow ?
 Sure, he's five, but I'll belave ye,
 For it's no use to decave ye.
 Ah ! now, Captain, you're so clever, it's yourself that's in
 the know.

Whisht ! See there he stands forenent ye,
 It was Providence that sent ye ;
 Here's the horse to make the poor man rich, the rich man
 mad for joy,
 An' maybe you'll never match him,
 For there's nothing bred can catch him.
 Tear an' ages he can gallop, av it's chasing he's the boy.

Is it pedigree you're seeking ?

'Tis the solemn truth I'm speaking,

'Twas his great aunt carried Cromwell when he fought at
Waterloo ;

An' bedad an' I'll declare it,

His ould ancestor, I'll swear it,

Was the same that Noah purchased for the Ark at Timbuctoo.

Ah ! now, Captain, when you're courtin',

It's yourself will look so sportin',

All the girls will blush with pleasure when you're sated on his
back,

And begorra, yes, I'm thinking,

Their ould mothers will be winking

When they see you pass the window with so illegant a hack.

Run him out, yes, he can travel,

See him glide across the gravel ;

There are hocks and loins and quarters fit to win in ony show.

Stand him there upon the clover,

Woa ! yer County Dublin rover,

Mark his head so nate an' clever an' his eye so full of go.

Forty pounds ! No, Captain, never ;

No, I'm not considered clever ;

But I have my feelings, Captain, an' ye must not make them
sore ;

Sure he cost me nearly double,

It's myself has had the trouble,

No, good morning to ye, Captain, av ye will not give me more.

Wait ! Yer honour won't desert me,
Sure, ye will not disconcert me ;
Come and talk it over, Captain, for I see you're all alive.
Sixty ! No, then make it fifty,
Faix, your mother made ye thrifty,
Done with you, then, an' be jabers I will make it forty-five.

Sou—ld again, an' got the money,
Tie him up now, Pat, my honey ;
Ask the Captain to remember ye, he'll not forget the boy.
Faix, I'm glad we've made a deal sor,
And it's mighty glad you'll feel sor,
Sure I'll tell the Lord-Lieutenant, an' he'll dance for very joy.

THE GRAVE IN THE VALE.

Lay him down gently, men, leave him to slumber,
 There where the shadows fall silent and still,
 'Twas but last week he was one of our number,
 Cheering his hounds on the side of the hill.

Lay him down gently, men, mourners are weeping,
 Tears as the dewdrops, how lightly they fall ;
 Mark the grey twilight now silently creeping,
 Hush ! it is Nature's all beautiful pall.

Leave her to watch him, the day is declining,
 The voice of the night wind will soothe him to rest ;
 Leave him to Nature, the mists are entwining
 The hill where the sun has gone down in the west.

Still I recall it, that fearful disaster,
 The fence where the wire was obscured from the eye ;
 Gamely they tried it, the mare and the Master,
 Gamely they fell, with the hounds in full cry.

Such a sad spectacle, oh ! so unsightly,
 Mangled and bleeding he lay on the plain.
 "Steady !" they gave the word, " lift him there lightly,
 Spread the coat over him, let him remain."

Peace ! it is well, see the white clouds are fleeting,
 Over the vale comes the Angel of Death,
 Wrapt in such mystery—hush ! they are meeting,
 The soul and the Angel depart as a breath.

So did he die with his comrades around him ;
 Dairymaid licked the strong hand as he lay ;
 Perfect as Master and huntsman we found him,
 Now the strong life has gone down to decay.

Farmers, be merciful, pause we implore you,
 Pause ere you strengthen your fences with wire,
 Mark the fair lives ever passing before you.
 Let them ride honestly over the shire.

Strike them not down in the midst of their pleasure,
 Leave them to ride over England at large,
 Leave them to follow the pastime they treasure,
 Do not let murder be laid to your charge.

Lay him down gently, men, mourners are weeping,
 Heads are bent reverently, faces are pale ;
 Over the churchyard the moonbeams are creeping,
 Leave him to rest in his grave in the vale.

LORD LONSDALE'S DRIVE.

Here's luck to the man with the galloping team,
His horses are fit and his harness is clean.
Here's luck to the life of the fox-hunting peer,
Who can handle the ribbons, come give him a cheer.

Old War Paint is game as he moves to his hand,
On, onward they fly by the snow-covered land.
The blood of the "Stud-Book" comes out in the horse,
He gallops his best on the grand Sussex course.

A cordon of police and a horseman in trouble
All fly as they see him come up at the double.
Three seconds it takes from one trap to the other,
They give him a cheer as a man and a brother.

Three seconds again and he has in their stride
Two galloping mares that he handles with pride.
Well up to the collar, well up to the bit,
The hand of the artist is ready and fit.

A Newmarket finish, yet under control,
Are the mares as he brings them to bear on the pole.
The char-à-banc next with the galloping four
In wonderful trim for the journey in store.

The leaders lie down to their work with a will,
 Each horse in his place as he faces the hill,
 The carriage is balanced, the traces are level,
 The fox-hunting peer has the nerve of the devil.

And last, but not least, in postilion attire,
 He gallops away through the slush and the mire.
 The hunter he rides with the Cottesmore and Quorn,
 So good at his work with the hound and the horn,

Soon warms to the pace, while the mare at his side
 Is soon at her best in the galloping stride.
 For fifty-six minutes and seconds a few,
 The pace is kept up by the yellow and blue ;

And twenty good miles is the record to show
 The fox-hunting peer is a good one to go.
 The sport of Old England revives with the year,
 The pluck that has made us will last, never fear.

And could we awaken the coachmen of old,
 And show them to-day we should surely be told,
 The *science* of driving is ever sublime,
 The *art* they invented has grown with the time.

THE SENATORS' RACE.

The mace and the speaker are left for to-day,
Both Tories and Rads come to witness the play.
The laws of debate, and the questions, and Bills,
Are cast to the winds on the Staverton Hills ;
And Commons and Lords with the men of the chase
All join in the fun of the Senators' Race.

In place of the Speaker the man with the flag
Gives the office to go with his piece of red rag.
The gallery of ladies, no longer in trouble,
Have freedom to talk, which they do at the "double,"
And everyone comes with a smile on his face
To see Senators ride in the Senators' Race.

The "Heavies" in numbers are not very strong,
But good in the choice of Muntz, Bentinck and Long.
The "Lights" have a favourite in Lees, who can show
His Dorsetshire horse is a nailer to go.
Two years in succession they fought for a place
And pulled off the stakes in the Senators' Race.

"They're off," is the cry ; the shouting is loud,
 And Pease's good grey leads the galloping crowd ;
 A head like a lady, an eye like a deer—
 A sweet combination of courage and fear,
 From the start to the finish it looks like "a case "
 For the man on the grey in the Senators' Race.

Away for the brook and away for the hill
 The " Lights " and the " Heavies " are galloping still,
 And still we can see in the acres of grass
 Each trying his best his companions to pass.
 The hill in the distance, the flag at the base,
 Is the course they have marked for the Senators' Race.

Back over the valley come Pease and the mare
 And win a good race with an acre to spare ;
 And Long and Lord Henry fight next for the lead ;
 The former comes up at the best of his speed,
 But the latter pulls off at a galloping pace
 The Heavy-weight Prize in the Senators' Race.

A man who can follow the horn and the hounds,
 And ride to the chase with its musical sounds,
 Is made of the stuff that the country requires,
 And always has points that the country admires.
 With other great nations we'll ride for a place,
 Still led by the men of the Senators' race.

A PLEA FOR THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS.

Bear with me, reader ; I'll find you diversion ;
 Lend me a moment, I'll show you the chase ;
 Do not complain at this mental exertion,
 Bear with me, now, with a smile on your face.

Come to the hill with me, watch them careering,
 All the good fellows that met in the lane ;
 Yonder the bonny stag, softly appearing,
 Yonder he comes to us over the plain.

Hush, or you'll head him ; don't move—not a muscle ;
 Mark his expression so wary and wild ;
 Standing erect he is game for a tussle,
 Bold as a lion, yet meek as a child.

Seeming so slow yet the fastest to follow,
 Facing the open he means it to-day,
 Over the blackthorn he flies like a swallow,
 Secretly, silently, stealing away.

Hark at the gallant pack gallantly chasing,
 Harvey's clear horn can be heard on the breeze,
 That modified music infers they are racing,
 Hark to them ! hark to them ! over the trees.

Yonder they come to us driving and lashing.
 Yonder the leaders are scouring to cry,
 There through the fence they are eagerly crashing ;
 Mark the good pack, you will see them go by.

Now like a waterfall bursting and breaking,
 True to their course, yet so wild to be free,
 Follow them, follow the line they are taking,
 Follow their melodies over the lea.

Follow them, follow them, faster and faster,
 Follow the men who are leading the van,
 Follow them still with the hard-riding Master
 Sailing along as an Englishman can.

Mark the good chesnut so deep in the quarter,
 Strong as a carthorse, and short in the back ;
 Yet you may know her a thoroughbred's daughter,
 Gliding so easily over the track.

Straight for the gate. Will she turn ? Never fear it !
 Neatly she judges it, gamely she tries,
 Is it too much for her ? Look—will she clear it ?
 Up to it, close to it, over she flies.

Well you may fondle her, you who possess her,
 Well you may lay your light hand on her mane ;
 Trust her, confide in her—trust her !—why, bless her !
 Trust her and trust her again and again.

Yonder they go, see the last disappearing ;
 All the gay squadron go gallantly by ;
 Fainter and fainter you hear the men cheering,
 Fainter the echo that floats to the sky.

* * * * *

Is it not well that all sportsmen should follow
 Where pride and position are cast to the wind ?
 Is it not well that the horn and the halloa
 Bind us in heart and unite us in mind ?

Broad are our principles, gladly we greet them,
 Men of all grades, both the great and the small,
 Each one is welcome, we feel, when we meet them,
 Something in harmony binding us all.

Leave us the chase, where, in harmony blending,
 Men of all classes ride on to the end ;
 Men become brothers, each brother contending ;
 Every true sportsman is counted a friend.

Long may it prosper, the pastime we cherish,
 Long may the gallop be heard on the lea,
 Long be the day ere our stag-hunting perish,
 Long may the chase be unfettered and free.

THE MUSIC OF THE WHEEL.

Come and listen to my song,
 I've a voice both sweet and strong,
 All the glories of the road I can reveal ;
 When the coach is on its way,
 Oh ! I doubt not you will say
 There's a merry merry music in the wheel.

Round and round I go, and hum
 Like an ever-rolling drum,
 Rolling out of mighty London in the morn ;
 And the guard, whose note is clear,
 Joins in gladly from the rear,
 With a tune that makes you tingle from his horn.

Let them go, my lads, Yo-ho !
 Through the traffic to and fro ;
 Turn the corner, she can take it like an eel ;
 See the policeman lets you by,
 With a game look in his eye,
 For he likes the merry music of the wheel.

Swing your leaders round the van ;
 Can you clear it? Yes, you can ;
 Keep your wheeler off the lamp post as you drive.
 Out again, away, away,
 We are moving on to-day,
 And the merry merry team are all alive.

There's a mare before the bars
 That can go from here to Mars ;
 Such blue roans you do not meet with every year.
 Those at wheel are such a match,
 All are funny ones to catch,
 Quick as hounds that answer gamely to the cheer.

Oh ! my word, they step and go,
 Here we change, my lads, woa-ho !
 There are three blood chesnuds waiting and a grey.
 Put the grey at cheek and let
 Out the chain, or he will fret.
 Are you ready, Bill ? let go, we cannot stay.

Ever rolling, swift and strong,
 Still I revel in my song,
 I can hear the chesnut champing at the steel ;
 She will never never dwell,
 For she knows the game so well,
 When she hears the merry music of the wheel.

Steady, steer them by the bank,
 Touch the leaders on the flank ;
 For the good two miles of gallop on beyond
 Let them out into their stride ;
 Oh ! the coachman looks with pride,
 As he gallops by the hostel and the pond.

Rolling on, we step and fly
 'Neath the sunny summer sky,
 Through the heart of smiling England do we sail.
 Many a stately home we pass,
 Set in slopes of gleaming grass ;
 And the silver water shining in the vale.

Oh ! we love the country side
 Of the land we hold with pride ;
 Oh ! we love our merry England and we feel
 There is music in the morn,
 As it mingles with the horn,
 And the merry merry music of the wheel.

Ever rolling, swift and strong,
 Still I revel in my song,
 I can feel the artist's finger on the rein ;
 I can feel his mind revolve
 With a quickness of resolve,
 And the workings of his intellect and brain.

Oh ! I know it, you may laugh,
 I can stand a bit of chaff,
 When a duffer takes the ribbons I can tell ;
 For the artist I can move
 In a straight and level groove,
 Ever running, running speedily and well.

What is driving but an art
 Where man takes the greater part,
 In the blending of two natures into one ;
 Leather reins and bits of steel
 Are but links with which we feel
 All the senses of the cattle as they run.

For I take it that of course,
 Twixt the coachman and the horse
 Runs a quick communication to and fro ;
 Though the ear it does not reach,
 They are welded each to each,
 By a silent conversation as they go.

So the blood horse takes a mind
 That is clever, cute and kind,
 And an intellect to keep him in his place ;
 One so sensitive will feel
 The least touch of whip or steel ;
 Touch him lightly, there is mettle in his race.

Men I know who love it well,
 On their merits I must dwell,
 Men like Becket and MacAdam of to-day.
 Through the country and the towns,
 Christmas, Herveyson, and Fownes,
 One and all can take you safely on your way.

'Tis a pleasure to be near,
 And to watch them as they steer ;
 When their hands are on the ribbons you can feel
 Every horse is in his place,
 Each is bearing on the trace,
 And is moving to the music of the wheel.

Now a team they call the fleas,
 Sporting hunters if you please,
 All alike and each a sharp flea-bitten grey,
 Quick and handy in their pace,
 You can't put them out of place,
 Every one of them can gallop, jump and stay.

Out again across the downs,
 With a stiffish team of browns ;
 As I roll beneath the coach box I can hear
 Each is stepping to my tune,
 On this balmy day in June.
 While the guard makes merry music from the rear.

Turn again my lads, yo-ho !
 Through the villages we go,
 Turn the horse's heads to London if you will ;
 Stealing onwards do we sail,
 Through the mists from out the vale,
 Stealing onwards through the twilight calm and still.

'Neath the hill the setting sun,
 Now its daily course is run,
 Tells a tale of golden promise and repose ;
 All the bars of shining gold,
 Falling lightly on the wold,
 Bring the day in silent grandeur to a close.

There the giant shadows fall,
 From the pines so gaunt and tall,
 Where the night wind whispers softly through the trees ;
 And the mantle of the night,
 Borne aloft upon its flight,
 Travels onwards on the shoulder of the breeze.

Out again, my lads, yo-ho !
 Rolling on we step and go,
 See the lights of London guide us on our way !
 Mark the sparks that flash and gleam,
 From the hoof-strokes of the team,
 While the merry men above are bright and gay.

Ever rolling to the end,
I am counted as a friend,
By my comrades of the journey, and they feel,
When the time comes to alight,
And they bid a last good-night,
There is merry merry music in the wheel.

THE BONNY GREY MARE.

The grass in the paddock grows up to her chest,
 Her tail has grown down to the ground,
 There under the oak she is taking her rest ;
 Her beautiful foal, who is one of the best,
 Flies by with a leap and a bound.

One face I recall as I look at my grey,
 A face that was comely and fair,
 A face that brought nothing but anxious dismay,
 And love without hope through the night and the day,
 And left a dark life of despair.

Old mare had you known that the hand that caress'd
 And fed you with sugar and bread,
 Would cause me such pain, you'd have thought it were best
 To crush me and kill me and lay me to rest,
 At peace with the slumbering dead.

How little they think and how little they care,
 These hearts that are cold as the clay,
 I'd rather believe in my bonny grey mare ;
 My heart and my home you shall willingly share,
 Till death come and take us away.

I lay at one time twixt the living and dead,
 'Twas then they despaired of my life ;
 I thought in those days 'twould be folly to wed,
 And begged that some other might stand in my stead,
 Some other might choose her as wife.

Those moments so solemn come back to me still ;
 The prayer that went up from my heart ;
 Ah me ! for a sight of the house by the hill,
 The slow running river that crept by the mill ;
 Old mare you have acted your part.

My heart was too full to confide in a man,
 I crept to your box in my grief,
 I cried, I was weak, and my tears as they ran
 Fell over your shoulder, those men of the van
 Would laugh, but it brought me relief.

Ah God ! as I looked at your bonny grey face,
 Your language was easy to read ;
 My life in the future I asked you to trace,
 You answered, take courage, go on with the race
 Of life and put trust in your steed.

Oh noble companions, dumb creatures we know,
 You lead us in duty and love,
 Your honest example in life as you go,
 Your courage, devotion and mettle can show
 A motive worked out from above.

How soothing and sweet is the feel of a horse,
 It drives away sorrow and fear ;
 When swiftly he bears you away from the gorse,
 Away from a life that is crushed with remorse,
 To the hounds flying on to the cheer.

The ring of the stirrup, the clash of the steel,
 The soul stirring notes of the horn,
 Come home to the sad and make each of us feel,
 The chase is a place where the heart may appeal
 When life is depressed and forlorn.

To him who was chosen, long may he be blessed,
 In the face that was comely and fair,
 May life to the end be the brightest and best ;
 For me, there is left but a single request,
 Leave me to the bonny grey mare.

HARK FORRARD, HARK FORRARD AWAY.

Hark forrard, hark forrard away,
 They mean it, they mean it to-day ;
 Away like a bird in the heart of the breeze,
 Away for the line of the whispering trees,
 Away for the open and go as you please,
 Hark forrard, hark forrard away.

The huntsman in front on the bay,
 Flies on like a boy at his play,
 He counts the good pack speeding over the plain,
 And grins as he looks for a skirter in vain.
 He says to the whip "They are at it again,"
 "Hark forrard, hark forrard away."

See Rarity sailing away,
 The hound that will brook no delay,
 See her lashing along with her wonderful pace ;
 She speaks to her sisters, who run for a place,
 "Come follow me on if you'd join in the race,"
 "Hark forrard, hark forrard away."

The man on the flea-bitten grey,
The horse that can gallop and stay,
The stile in the meadow he takes at a fly,
While some of us think it too strong and too high,
He says to his horse with a wink of his eye,
“Hark forrard, hark forrard away.”

All nature is singing to-day,
Her voices are happy and gay,
Again and again you can hear the glad song,
It kindles the heart of the galloping throng ;
Still sailing away and still sailing along,
Hark forrard, hark forrard away.

Hark forrard, hark forrard away,
My dreams as I slumber convey
Those melodies still coming over the hill ;
I ride with a will from the find to the kill,
The words bring a thrill as I pass by the mill,
Hark forrard, hark forrard away.

THE FIREMAN.

As I stood at midnight thinking,
 All the stars were faintly blinking,
 And the glaring lights of London shone around me far and
 wide ;
 And the murmur of the city,
 Filled my soul with awe and pity,
 Sounding like some mighty ocean with a sad and troubled
 tide.

Then a noise like distant thunder
 Brought an agitated wonder,
 As the music of the gallop loudly fell upon mine ear ;
 And the firemen shouted madly
 At the crowd that opened gladly,
 While the horses full of mettle answered gamely to the cheer.

Then I saw the engine swinging,
 Heard the bells and harness ringing,
 Forward, forward at a gallop, life and honour are at stake ;
 Heard the cry of fire repeated,
 Watched the driver firmly seated,
 Saw a fireman tall and handsome with his hand upon the
 break.

I could see them moving faster
 To the scene of the disaster,
 Yonder great destructive furnace standing out against the
 sky ;
 And the sky was reddening quickly
 From the flames that spread so thickly,
 While the clouds of smoke ascending made a column great
 and high.

Then amid the noise of splashing,
 And of timbers loudly crashing,
 Came a pleading faint and feeble as of someone in despair ;
 For a window bright and gleaming
 Showed a young child faintly screaming,
 And the voices of the people echoed wildly through the air.

He who held the break was ready
 With a ladder strong and steady,
 Mounting up amid the tumult with a rope upon his arm ;
 And we watched his work intently,
 As he lowered his burthen gently,
 How they cheered him from the roadway when he saved the
 child from harm.

Then a beam of falling timber
 Felled the form so straight and limber,
 And we saw him still and lifeless where he fell upon the
 ground,
 And the wife whose youth he cherished
 Stood beside him where he perished,
 While the murmur of the city made a sad and solemn sound.

In a room we left him sleeping,
Where the wife her watch was keeping,
All her tears of silent sorrow fell beside him thick and fast ;
And his comrades as a token,
Kept his helmet crushed and broken,
To be placed with those of others who have perished in the
past.

On these heroes of the nation
Do I look with admiration,
When I see the smoking engine flying onwards to the cheer ;
Still I count them noble hearted,
Like the gallant lads departed,
As the music of the gallop loudly falls upon mine ear.

•

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

Oh cold grey pile of shapely stone,
We hold you good, we count you fair,
Your graceful beauty stands alone
Mid England's jewels rich and rare.

Oh tall grey spire against the sky,
We see you from beside the stream,
We watch the clouds go drifting by,
To leave you in a silver gleam.

We watch the merry sunbeams fall
Along the long grey roof, and pass
From point to point and wall to wall,
To dance upon the shining grass.

You touch the land, you meet the sky,
In you both heaven and earth may greet
Each other, see the cross on high
Has cast its shadow at my feet.

The emerald carpet at your base,
Where mighty elms their branches spread,
Reflects the smile of heaven's fair face,
When all is brightness overhead.

Within your stately columns range,
 From arch to arch and aisle to aisle,
 Those long grey avenues of change,
 Sweet portions of the graceful pile.

And vista after vista spreads,
 Where distance always meets the eye,
 And still the pallid sunlight sheds
 A halo of tranquillity.

But hush ! the night comes on apace,
 The cloister shadows lightly fall
 Upon that quiet resting place,
 Beneath the old Cathedral wall.

Watch on, above the silent dead,
 Who loved you when they knelt in prayer,
 The starry heavens above them spread,
 While all is beautiful and fair.

Watch on, and guard them as they lie,
 The good, the pure, the just, the right ;
 The moon is out across the sky,
 And there is silence in the night.

Watch on, we know that death will prove
 That friendship is not spent in vain,
 That in that aftertime of love,
 Both friend and friend will meet again.

And we shall know them as of old,
The ones that helped us on our way,
Beyond the light above the wold,
Within the realms of boundless day.

THE COUNTRY BANKER.

A sportsman at heart and a gentleman born,
 We breed very few of his kind,
 A nailer to follow the hound and the horn ;
 Go look at his face when your life is forlorn,
 It is fresh as the westerly wind.

There's honesty written in characters clear,
 And bravery stands by her side,
 You feel when you look on his manly career
 That these are the men that make England so dear,
 The men that fill England with pride.

He has sympathy too, ever gentle and kind,
 He stands by the poor as a friend ;
 Ah ! give me a sportsman, in him you will find
 A sweet combination of merits combined,
 A friendship the same to the end.

He rents the big woodland, he planted the gorse,
 Stout foxes he breeds by the score,
 He forks out the coin as a matter of course,
 And stands by the master with practical force,
 Their hearts are as one at the core.

But hark gentle reader, a tale I will tell,
 Come lend me a moment I pray,
 A fox is on foot, he is crossing the dell,
 The banker, who bred him, has seen him, 'tis well,
 Hold hard, let him get well away.

Tally ho ! see the pack, how they fly to his cry ;
 A crash through the woodland resounds ;
 The banker's view halloa goes up to the sky,
 He marks the good fox with a wink of his eye,
 And a smile for the clustering hounds.

Out over the brook we are streaming away,
 The banker leads on like a man,
 He pilots old Bridegroom, the big heavy grey,
 Who is such a wonder to gallop and stay,
 With strength fit to go in a van.

And when at the check undergraduates foil
 The fallow down wind of the line,
 The banker's warm blood soon commences to boil,
 He says " If you press you will certainly spoil
 " The sport," so he kicks up a shine.

The huntsman looks grateful and makes his cast good,
 The ground puts the hounds to the test,
 Away on the left he has skirted the wood,
 This gallant old varmint so full of tough blood,
 He seems to be one of the best.

For fifty bright minutes we follow his track,
 Look yonder he crawls 'neath the gate ;
 You may know by his face and the shape of his back
 He is done to a turn, yes his movements are slack,
 “ Who-whoop,” he has met with his fate.

The banker assists at “ the rites ” it would seem,
 For blood is smeared over his breeks ;
 The horses are all in a lather and steam,
 The huntsman throws up his dead fox with a scream,
 Its echo will last you for weeks.

Sess, Sess, gallant sportsman, go home and lie down,
 Go lap at your crusty old port,
 Long, long may you ride to the front with renown
 From the soles of your feet to the top of your crown,
 We'd like to breed more of your sort.

A BLIGHTED LIFE.

I never thought when first we met,
That we should part to meet no more,
That nothing but a wild regret
Would mark those happy days of yore.

I wonder in our after life,
If we shall meet to comprehend
How weary was the world of strife,
When I lay waiting for the end.

I wonder if the silent prayer,
That I have uttered night by night,
Has brought you freedom from despair,
And filled your soul with heavenly light.

For though you did not care to know
The still sad story of my love,
I may have brought a brighter glow
Upon your path from heaven above.

When at the point of death I lay,
They told me I could never wed,
I watched the slow departing day,
And longed to join the silent dead.

And all these years have left me still,
Unaltered with a changeless care
For you, and yet the hidden will
Has doomed my life beyond repair.

And now you have thought well to take
Some hand, some other than mine own,
God grant that you with him may make
A noble and a happy home.

God grant that that celestial fire,
That raises man to higher spheres,
May both your souls with love inspire,
And guide you through this world of tears.

And should your children's voices bring
Around your home that pure delight
That sounds with such a heavenly ring,
May all your lives be fair and bright.

And I who never wished you harm,
May my sad shadow never dwell
Across your life so still and calm,
But wait unseen till all is well.

THE VOICES IN THE VALE.

There's a whisper in the hollow, there are voices in the vale,
 There is music in the murmur of the breeze ;
 All the white clouds drift above me, ever peacefully they sail
 Far away beyond the moorland and the trees.

Far away my fancy takes me to the years beyond recall,
 When I rode beside my sweetheart in the chase ;
 All the fences how we took them neat and clean without
 a fall,
 And the merry, merry smile upon her face.

How she grappled with the chestnut, she was master of the
 mare
 When the awkward stile was looming in our line,
 She'd a dash and style of riding, such an artist I declare
 Baffles all attempt to picture or define.

Side by side our hearts were beating, while the chase was
 fleeting still,
 Neck and neck we rode the chestnut and the grey ;
 We could see the field retreating from the summit of the hill,
 And the white hounds streaming on upon their way.

But the fates were cruel-hearted, never wedding bells were heard,

For she left this bourne of trouble and of care ;
 When her life was full of promise then there came the
 silent word,
 And she left us full of sorrow and despair.

It was early, I remember, when they called me to her side,
 And the dim grey dawn was breaking o'er the hill,
 There was silence in the chamber, she who would have
 been my bride
 Lay before me ever beautiful and still.

Then in solemn words she told me how she loved me to
 the end,
 And my heart was beating sadly all the while,
 Would I take the bonny chestnut? Would I count it as a
 friend?
 Yes—and then her face was brightened with a smile.

Then the angels seemed to murmur and the night wind
 seemed to dwell
 Yet a moment in the stillness of the night,
 When it rose again we heard it and we knew that all was
 well,
 For her pure soul drifted out upon its flight.

Drifted out, the repetition of the story often told
 Was repeated as she went upon her way ;
 And we seemed to see her moving out away beyond the
 wold,
 Out away into the daylight cold and grey.

Still at times I seem to see her in the white clouds as they
sail

Far away beyond the moorland and the trees,
Still at times I hear her voice among the voices of the vale
Making music in the murmur of the breeze.

THE PICCADILLY SPORTSMAN.

In gay Piccadilly a sportsman I spied,
The street was too small and the man was too wide ;
In fact it occurred to my mind to suggest
That, could it be managed, 'twould surely be best

To pull down the houses one side or the other,
And give him his due as a man and a brother ;
His coat was a marvel, so wonderfully made,
It seemed to put all other coats in the shade.

Some said it was loud, and some said it was charming,
The buttons and seams were so very alarming,
A very large tie and a marvellous pin,
A collar that held up his beautiful chin.

The tightest of trousers, the latest in spats,
We felt when we looked we were regular flats,
The effect was so great that he made us feel small,
This wonderful man who was known to us all.

At Hatchet's I saw him each evening at five,
He'd wait for the coaches, but never would drive ;
He looked at the teams with his glass in his eye.
And chummed with the coachmen, I never knew why.

At Tattersall's too, as the Saturdays came,
 He'd run out the horses, t'was always the same,
 He never bought one, but he always seemed fly,
 And criticised all with his critical eye.

I asked his opinion on spavin and splint,
 He looked very wise, but he offered no hint ;
 Arm in arm with the bookey he'd walk up the course,
 But seldom if ever could spot the right horse.

One morning I met him and said "Do you hunt ?
 "A man like yourself should go well to the front,
 "If you like to come down for a day in the vale
 "I'll lend you a horse, you shall show us his tail."

He looked at me straight and replied "Is it grass ?"
 As much as to say do you think I'm an ass.
 I told him "Our country lay down in the west,
 "Where Dorsetshire boasted of sport with the best."

He got himself up in some wonderful clothes,
 Bran new from the crown of his head to his toes,
 His pink was the latest, his hat was well oiled,
 And nothing about him had ever been soiled.

A buttonhole too, sent expressly by post,
 A waistcoat that almost would frighten a ghost ;
 The pick of the stable I lent him to ride,
 Old Baronet, one with a beautiful stride.

“ Oh, who,” they all asked, “ is the man like a clown ?
 “ The one who is riding the thoroughbred brown ?
 “ The smell of his scent is so fearfully strong,
 “ He’ll spoil all the sport if you keep him out long.”

But Fugleman opens, “ Hark Fugleman, hark ! ”
 And Finder and Fisherman join him, hark ! hark :
 And then with a chorus that brings you delight,
 Ten couple chime in and put everything right.

The gap in the covert, we had it in turn,
 The hat of the sportsman rolled off in the fern,
 And then in succession we came to a gate,
 “ Come take it,” I said, “ or you’re sure to be late.”

“ The horse is a good one, he’ll jump it I know,
 “ Come give us a lead and let Baronet go ; ”
 He turned him away without speaking a word,
 He might have been deaf, but I fancied he heard.

A Dorsetshire double, big, hairy and wide,
 I took it and galloped away with the tide ;
 And later I saw at the end of the run
 Old Baronet only enjoying the fun.

He had all the fences alike as they came,
 The stile in the meadow, the drop in the lane,
 But the sportsman was down on his back in a ditch,
 The people who saw him they said it was rich.

Three yokels who helped him with exquisite glee,
Said "a sovereign apiece was the regular fee,"
The other, who "hoped he'd not venture alone,"
Charged a shilling a mile, it was seven from home.

He walked, and I found he'd retired to bed,
All covered with bruises and bad in the head,
He begged me to send for a hospital nurse,
I told him I would if he got any worse.

He rested in bed for a week and a day,
I thought that I never should get him away ;
And now when I meet him he looks very pale,
But never alludes to his day in the vale.

Young sportsmen remember, who wish to be wise,
A man is not made by his collars and ties,
And when you are offered a day in the vale,
Remember our friend with his pitiful tale.

SESS! SESS!

OR

A SPRING MORNING IN THE KENNELS WITH THE
NETTON HARRIERS.

Sess ! Sess ! they are wild at the sound of my voice,
Give Purity more than her share,
I'd rather let Tunable breed for a choice,
At the sight of the trough she will always rejoice ;
“ Back, Tunable, wait, have a care.”

Let in the young entry, they're naturally shy,
Sess ! Sess ! give them plenty of time,
Go feed them again when the day has gone by,
They look like a lot that can gallop and fly,
Sess ! Sess ! with a musical chime.

Let in all the rest, there is Benefit still,
Give Benefit hers when alone,
Stay, hold her aside, let the whelps have their fill,
Their four little rudders are down with a will,
Sess ! Sess ! how they fight for the bone.

Wash Tempest with broth now the weather is dry,
 Sess ! lick her, they'll soon make her clean,
 See Thankful is bitten right over the eye,
 Ah Hester, you sinner, don't try to look shy,
 You know very well what I mean.

Put Namesake in couples, and Bonny as well
 Leave Magic at home for to-day,
 Yes, Dewdrop, all right, oh I know you can tell
 Which pocket the biscuits are in by the smell,
 Here catch it, you will have your way.

Here lope, come and walk, now a turn in the lane,
 Here Diligent, gently my lass,
 See Bonny's fore leg has got over the chain,
 She looks like the sort to hunt Salisbury Plain,
 Put them over to me on the grass.

"The hares by the kennel are thick, I declare,
 "See there is one crossing the way,
 "Come Bob, make a noise, crack your whip in the air,
 "We dont want to hunt through the crops, have a care,
 "No Loafer, no hunting to-day.

"We ought to keep talking and making a row,"
 I mention to Bob as we go,
 "A talkative woman would help us I trow,
 "With her tongue on a swivel," Bob answers "Ah now,
 "She'd scatter the hares that I know."

Enough, kennel up, now go gently my lads,
 “ Bitches only,” they know the command,
And now for the dogs, “ *I said gently*, my lads,”
Enough you will say of this fool and his fads ;
 Sess !—home—is it luncheon?—how grand !

GOOD-BYE TO THE CHASE.

OR

THE SONG OF THE DYING HUNTSMAN.

Good-bye to the chase, shall I leave it in sorrow ?
 The horse and the hound, shall I see them no more ?
 Who knows but there may be a brighter to-morrow
 For those of the chase ever waiting in store.

It seems to be meant in the plan of creation
 These noble companions are granted to man
 To lead him in all that commands admiration,
 And bear him where bravery rouses the van.

The hound and the huntsman believe in each other,
 Their hearts are bound up in a wonderful tie ;
 The man and the hound are a man and a brother,
 There is trust in the holloa and love in the cry.

Away in the vale where the shadows are falling,
 Oh lay me to rest where its peaceful and still,
 And think as you ride in pursuit of your calling,
 Of one you remember who rode with a will.

Sometimes when you pass in the balmy November,
 The roll of the gallop may fall on mine ear,
 Sometimes as you pass I may hear and remember
 The notes of the pack as they fly to the cheer.

Ah think of me still when your pulses are beating
 In time to the tune of the musical horn,
 And spare me a thought when the moments are fleeting
 So brilliantly by on a fine hunting morn.

Good-bye to the chase, many friends have I numbered
 Through half a long century, now I must pass
 From those that are left to the ones that have slumbered
 So sweetly and silently under the grass.

In harmony blended our best inclinations,
 In love and good fellowship onward we ride,
 Still holding our own in the march of the nations,
 The spirit of sport is the Englishman's pride.

But hush ! through the woodland the night-wind is stealing,
 The whisper of death passes over the plain,
 The moon in her glory is softly revealing
 The fields I may never ride over again.

* * * * *

The night and the morning were silently meeting,
 The mists from the meadows crept over the hill,
 The watchers stood watching the life that was fleeting,
 And all in the chamber were silent and still,

Far off in the vale you could hear the wind calling,
The summons we all have in time to obey,
It rose for a moment and as it was falling,
The soul of the huntsman went out on its way.

APPENDIX.

LORD LONSDALE'S DRIVE (*see* p. 35).

Lord Lonsdale's drive against time, driven on the Reigate Road, March 11th, 1891, in four stages of five miles each, each stage at the gallop,

First stage, single horse.

Second stage, pair.

Third stage, team.

Fourth stage, pair, with Lord Lonsdale riding postilion.

Published in *The Sportsman*, March 13th, 1891.

THE SENATOR'S RACE (*see* p. 37).

Run at Staverton in the Pytchley Country, March 21st, 1891.

Stewards :—Earl Spencer, K.G., Right Hon. H. Chaplin, and Hon. H. Fitzwilliam, M.P. Starter :—Capt. Soames. Judge :—Hon. E. Chandos Leigh. Clerk of the Course :—Hon. C. Fitzwilliam.

HOUSE OF COMMONS POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASE (in two classes).—Light-weights, catch-weights not under 12 st. ; heavy-weights, catch-weights not under 14 st. A sweepstake of 2 sovs. each p.p., with £40 added, to be equally divided with the stakes between the two winners ; for maiden hunters *bonâ fide* the property of and regularly hunted this season by members of the House of Commons, and that were in their possession on or before March 1st, 1891. To be ridden by members of the House of Commons, in proper hunting costume. About three miles and a-half.

12 ST. CLASS.

Mr. A. E. Pease's gr. m. NORAH CREINA, by Lord Gough, aged ...	1
Mr. Hermon-Hodge's b. m. LADY EVELYN, by Vengeance, aged ...	2
Mr. Elliott-Lees' Damon, aged	0
Mr. Bromley-Davenport's Dawtrey, aged	0
Mr. Bromley-Davenport's Delilah, aged	0
Lord Ernest Hamilton's Bridget, aged	0
Sir Savile Crossley's Borderer	0

14 ST. CLASS.

Lord Henry Bentinck's br. g. BUGLER, by Berserker	1
Mr. W. H. Long's b. g. CRUSADER, aged	2
Mr. P. A. Muntz's Landmark	0

The ten competitors were sent on their journey just before two o'clock, and upon settling down the pace was made warm by Norah

Creina. When the first fence was reached Lord Ernest Hamilton was put out of the race by the refusal of his horse, and a few fields farther on the three heavy-weights went to the front. Of their number Mr. Muntz soon afterwards fell at a stiffish fence, and at the bend of the course, a little more than half the distance, Lord Henry Bentinck and Mr. Hermon-Hodge were in front, with Mr. Pease their nearest attendant, and Mr. Elliott-Lees next. A mistake in the course on the part of Mr. Hermon-Hodge soon after the turn had been made gave an advantage to Mr. Pease and Mr. Elliott-Lees, and as the latter gentleman came down at the brook some quarter of a-mile from home Mr. Pease sent Norah Creina along, and the mare immediately having her opponents in trouble, the question as to who would win was soon settled. Lord Henry Bentinck, on Bugler, made a gallant effort to reach Mr. Pease, but Norah Creina was not afterwards approached, and won by forty lengths; Crusader made up some ground at the finish and was a fairly good third. The time occupied was 10min. 18sec.

Printed in *The Sportsman*, March 23rd, 1891.

ERRATA.

P. 58.—In the third line of the last verse *for* That *read* But ; and in the fourth line *for* Both *read* That.



Webster Family Library of Veterinary Medicine
Cummings School of Veterinary Medicine
Tufts University
200 Westboro Road
North Grafton, MA 01536



